

The Phoenix

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Summary: A halo fan fic that will be connected to possibly to my other submissions... I'm going to try and make this in canon as much as possible.

The Phoenix

**\*\*The \*\*\_\*\*Phoenix\*\*\_\*\*. \*\***

Admiral Hood looked sceptical. "She's a, little small from here." From the bridge of the \_Infinity\_, the \_Phoenix \_was no more imposing than a stray asteroid.

Simon's reply crackled over the comms, "Don't worry admiral, she's more than she looks."

"I certainly hope so, for your sake. Are you sure you want to go through with this?"

"Absolutely."

"Alright then, prepare a MAC round."

The weapons station tracked a solution and spun up a round. "Firing solution acquired, sir."

The comms crackled again. "Make it a triple shot admiral; we are putting on a show after all."

Admiral Hood glanced at Marcus, raising his eyebrows. The ONI agent returned the gesture with a slight shrug. Hood nodded at the weapons station again.

"Alright then Simon, let's see what she can take. On my mark lieutenantâ€¦|mark."

With barely a shudder, the triple shot sped through space towards the

\_Phoenix\_. On-screen, Simon's face was awash with adrenaline as he pumped the shields. "Brace, brace, brace, all hands brace for impact!" He turned to look off-screen. "Harper, get me counter thrusters."

The first slug exploded across her nose, shields flaring brilliant white. The counter thrusters whined to compensate and the shields attempted to cool just as the second shot blasted them apart, rocking the hull. A yell came from a crewman, "Shields down, hull integrity 98 percent, captain. Warming back-up shields."

"Belay that," Simon yelled, eyes glued to the screen and a smile plastered across his face. "No time, just brace!"

The third and final round smashed into the \_Phoenix\_ amidships, sending her into a slow spin as the momentum of the shot overcame the thrusters.

"Sir, hull integrity down to 35 percent, atmospheric leaks on decks 3 through 7, but, we're holding! And shields are back online."

Simon \_whooped\_, and moved out of Hood's view to congratulate the crewmembers. Harpers neutral voice could be heard in the background. "Congratulations captain. I think that demonstration went quite well."

The admiral let out a breath he hadn't realised he'd been holding. "Well, that was definitely worth coming to see." Hood paused as Marcus leaned in, speaking in hushed tones. He nodded and turned back to the comms screen as Simon came back into view. "That is one, tough ship to crack."

"Thank you sir, it was a pleasure."

Simon's smile was contagious and Hood couldn't help grinning as he asked, "Tell me, you wouldn't mind letting us in on a few of your secrets would you?"

"Of course not sir, the pleasure would be mine. Would you care for a tour of the facility?"

"That would be excellent captain. We'll be down shortly. Infinity out."

Simon reclined in the pilot's seat, hands clasped behind his head, grinning. "Nice work everyone, let's take this tub back home."

A dull \_clang\_ reverberated throughout the \_Phoenix\_ and the damaged hull came to a stop, caressed by the docking clamps. Huragok and sentinel engineers immediately swarmed the ship, softly whirring and clicking in disappointment at the extent of the damage.

Three of the crew disembarked, leaving two to stay behind and help with repairs. Simon murmured his thanks and then followed the others out, ducking his head to emerge into the cold, open space of the orbital dock.

He blinked in the harsh spotlights and fell instep behind the crew making their way to the phantom that was parked on the opposite side. Floats Well drifted over to Simon, gesturing wildly with his

tentacles. Although he could catch snippets of what the Huragok was saying, Simon let the translation software kick in, commentating like an old Chinese movie through his armour's external speakers.

\_Greetings, we welcome you back, but what has become of the \_Phoenix? Is there danger \_\*beyond the border\*\_?\_

Simon frowned inwardly; the translation was still a bit patchy. He'd have to update it again.

"No, it was just a demonstration. Some of the UNSC brass will be making a visit. \_Please\_ tell the rest of the engineers not to tinker with their ships. I don't think that would go down too well."

Floats Well signed in agreement then drifted over to join the others surrounding the \_Phoenix\_.

Simon hurried to catch up with the rest of the crew waiting on board the phantom and jumped inside, settling into the customised seats as Luke, one of the crew, fired the engines and rose out of the hangar.

He punched the cargo-to-cabin comms, listening as Luke noticed the connection.

"Yes sir?"

"Make it a short trip okay? We've got guests."

"Yes \_sir\_!"

Simon nodded to the other crewmembers with a slight grin, strapping in just as his stomach flipped and the alien dropship fell through the atmosphere. Luke let out a small \_whoop\_ as he dived, keeping the ship steady. The enhanced shielding and engine system kept the heat at bay and stopped the rattling that would otherwise shake the ship apart. Streaks of burning red filled the viewports then dissipated as Luke slowed their descent and levelled out the small craft, swooping into land.

Engines whined and sand swirled as the phantom hovered over the garage and then lowered once the ceiling had parted.

Simon jumped out first, striding towards the airlock, cycling through and then heading towards the master regulator. After a preliminary scan, he disabled the primary security systems, allowing the admiral's pelican access.

A few minutes later, the \_whoosh\_ of displaced dirt heralded the arrival of Lord Hood and his entourage.

Simon shooed away a Huragok from his helmet and grabbed it from where he'd left it on the kitchen bench, clicking it into place on his shoulders and marching out through the front air-lock to greet the brass. He'd snagged two Personal Oxygen Supply masks from the rack inside the air-lock and held them out to Hood and Marcus as they disembarked.

He saluted as he arrived, "Welcome admiral, Marcus, good to have you."

Atmosphere's a little thin here, thought you might want a POS."

"Good to see you too captain," Hood turned to see the four unmasked marines arrayed behind him, breathing deeply and turned back to Simon. "I think I'll pass on the mask though, just hold my breath."

Marcus leaned over, cheeks bulging and snatched a mask, jamming it over his head. His muscles loosened at the relief it brought.

Lord Hood twitched an eyebrow but otherwise kept silent. "Alright, lead on captain."

"This way then, sir."

They cycled quickly through the air-lock, two at a time, Lord Hood waiting behind with Simon while Marcus and the marines filed through.

Luke and the rest of the crew jumped off their stools and saluted the admiral who waved them down, while Simon twisted off his helmet and set it back on the bench, instantly the gracious host.

"A drink admiral? Marcus? You wouldn't believe the stuff that survives a battle."

"I'll have to pass on that one too I'm afraid. I'm driving."

The marines chuckled and Marcus shook his head silently.

"Marines?"

They looked toward Hood uncertainly.

He gestured at two of them. "You're welcome to, but I want you two with me."

The lucky pair undid the helmets and joined the crew on the stools for a drink.

Hood looked around the room. "Nice place you've built yourself here, I assume this isn't it?"

"Course not sir, master bedrooms through there, lounge, kitchen, garage back that way, and here," Simon walked over and stood on an irregular octagon outlined in the floor, "here's the lift to the hangars. That's where it all happens."

Marcus stepped forward. "Just curious, captain, where'd you acquire your suit?"

"Oh, well I've collected a lot of armour from that scrap you give me, and it wasn't hard to get a basic design and build something that fitted, with improvements of course."

"I see, so you \_built \_something that took the UNSC decades to perfect?"

"Yeah. I didn't have to design the whole thing though, just put it together. The engineers helped too, it's hard not to let them."

Marcus raised his eyebrows slightly and nodded to himself. "Thank you, and how do you regulate the internal atmosphere and temperature?"

Simon walked over to the wall and took out the master regulator. "This thing. It's just a datapad linked to my sensors."

"I see," he said again. "Thank you."

Simon went to place it on the wall then stopped. "Which reminds me, I'm just going to reset the security systemâ€¦done." He hung the pad back on the wall and walked back over to the lift. "Ready?"

Hood strode over with a small smile. "Ready captain."

End  
file.